



Svobodni Razgovori

Svobodni Razgovori

Free Dialogues



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ŽIVE NAJ VSI NARÓDI, KI HREPENE DOČAKAT DAN, DA, KODER SONCE HODI, PREPIR IZ SVETA BO PREGNAN, DA ROJAK PROST BO VSAK, NE VRAG, LE SOSED BO MEJAK!

GOD'S BLESSING ON ALL NATIONS, WHO LONG AND WORK FOR THAT BRIGHT DAY, WHEN O'ER EARTH'S HABITATION NO WAR, NO STRIFE SHALL HOLD ITS SWAY; WHO LONG TO SEE THAT ALL MEN FREE NO MORE SHALL FOES, BUT NEIGHBOURS BE.

17/1,2 januar/april/julij 1999

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Naslovna stran : Vioara, Alexandru Nicolita 1995 in besedilo štajerske velikonočne "vuzemnice" pesem 1859

Uvodnik

"Če imas kaj povedati, povej, če ne, pa tiho bodi Franček."

Tako nastane tišina. Atmosfera je ukazovalna in prepovedujoča. Frančkov obraz se namrgodi, roka v desnem žepu se sklene v polpest in trepalnice mu začnejo migotati, kot da bi bilo minus petnajst.

Franček je povedal in zaupal veliko stvari sestri Mariji, pa se je vedno izkazalo, da je drugo jutro za vse te iste stvari vedel njen svak Peter, in telefon je zabrenčal Peter pa zarenčal "Pa kaj hudiča imaš toliko za povedat. Pusti babo na miru in brigaj se zase, pa boš imel dela čez glavo vse življenje".

V Svobodnih Razgovorih se IZRAŽAJO mnenja, likovni vtisi, potovalni utripi ... "you name it". Tukaj torej zapisujemo in objavljamo življenje kakršno vidijo in doživljajo posamezniki in skupine. Svobodni Razgovori niso Ljubljanske novice ne Sydney Morning Herald. Je revija, ki izhaja 17 let in daje svoj prostor na razpolago tistim, ki imajo kaj izraziti. Tistim, ki zmorejo prenesti resničnost po svojem modelu in jo reinterpretirati v značilno svojstvenem sestavku, sliki, pesmi, dramskem delu ali preprosto pismu uredništvu. Zdaj pišemo v slovenskem in angleškem jeziku, enkrat kmalu bomo tudi v kitajskem in zulufarskem če treba.

Meja ni. So samo ljudje, ki so nekoč, ko so se bali manj rekli to je naše. So samo ljudje, ki so s črtami razdelili drobnih pack.

znanih sosedov zarisali meje, in svet na tisoče bolj ali manj

Ko si vzamemo čas in skušamo Razgovorov, razumemo, da je pobijati ljudi, ki so jih postavili. Brišimo meje

dojeti mnogotere izraze Svobodnih naša naloga brisati meje in ne zabijati in med ljudmi z radirko umetnosti in kulture.

Franček je vstopil v "Slika in pika". Ura je platno na stojalo obleko, Franček jo gleda in požira z očmi, potem pa se spomni Petra in njegove grobosti do povedanja. Poglobil se je v delo in slikal polni dve uri. Celo na Marinine noge je pozabil.

prostorno sobano v zgradbi občinskega umetniškega društva sedem zvečer, učiteljica slikarka Marina prav zdaj namešča 2 x 1 Njene dolge noge so se spet pokazale pod črno kombinežasto primerno za večerjo in vse kar sledi — nekaj izjemno privlačnega. jo gleda in požira z očmi, potem pa se spomni Petra in njegove grobosti do povedanja. Poglobil se je v delo in slikal polni dve uri. Celo na Marinine noge je pozabil.

L. Franček.

<http://www.ijs.si/lit/leposl.html-l2>



Ureja Dr Miran Hladnik

Zbirka slovenskih leposlovnih besedil

Nekatera od besedil v zbirki niso šla skozi korekturo in vsebujejo še precej napak. Mlajša od njih so še vedno last avtorjev oziroma njihovih dedičev in jih zato ni dovoljeno razmnoževati; avtorji so izrecno dovolili njihovo tukajšnjo objavo. Velik del jih je najprej iz Zbranih del slovenskih klasikov vnesel v digitalno obliko ali pridobil od založbe Mihelač za zgolj akademsko uporabo Miran Hladnik, nekaj Peter Scherber, po enega Peter Weiss, Vlado Nartnik in Elisabeth Seitz, nekaj študentje na slavistiki in avtorji sami. Po dogovoru z urednikom Mihom Mazzinijem so vključena v zbirko še besedila, ki so jih prispevali naročniki revije PC in mediji. Najzvestejši digitalizator je bil Brane H. Pavšek. Nekaj besedil s tegale seznama je bilo leta 1997 objavljeno na cedejkah, priloženih reviji. Uporabniki naj v svojih objavah navedejo, da so dobili besedila od tod. Spodbujam študente, da prekopirajo še druge slovenske klasike, zlasti poezijo in dramo, ki tu manjkata, in da redigirajo besedila, ki so tule naštet, vendar še neužitna za objavo.

Podatki o viru so na začetku ali na koncu vsakega besedila. Tam je tudi opozorilo, da so besedila kljub javni dostopnosti za akademsko delo avtorsko zaščiteni (ni jih dovoljeno razmnoževati, arhivirati, preslikati lokacije).

Bržinski spomeniki (972--1000; Kortlandtov prepis)

Primož Trubar: Ena dolga predgovor (1557) (400 KB)

Primož Trubar: Ta evangeli svetiga Matevža, Catechismus, En Regiſter... Ena postila (1558 --odlomki)

Janez Svetokriški: Na noviga lejta dan. Sacrum Promptuarium (1691--1707)

Janez Svetokriški: Praefatio ad benevolum lectorem. Sacrum Promptuarium (1691--1707)

Janez Svetokriški: Posvetilo Frideriku Hieronimu grofu Lanthieriju. Sacrum Promptuarium (1691--1707)

Janez Svetokriški: Na osmo nedeljo po s. Trojici. Sacrum Promptuarium (1691--1707)

Anton Tomaž Linhart: Županova Micka: Ena komedija v dveh aktech (1790)

Valentin Vodnik: Izbrano delo (1806--09)

Janez Cigler: Sreča v nesreči ali Popisovanje zgodbe dveh dvojčkov (1836) (194 KB)

Prešernove Poezije (1847)

France Prešeren: Poezije (1847) (140 KB, po Zbranih delih slovenskih pesnikov in pisateljev)

France Prešeren: Poezije (iz zbirke Jureta Zupana) (170 KB v zip-obliki)

Fran Levstik: Martin Krpan (1858)

Fran Levstik: Popotovanje iz Litije do Čateža (1858)

Fran Levstik: Pokljuk (1865)

Fran Levstik: Sveti doktor Bežanec v Tožbanji vasi (Zvon 1870) (69 KB)

Fran Levstik: Iz minule srečne mladosti (SN 1871)

Fran Levstik: Spomini o verah in mislih prostega naroda (1871)

Josip Stritar: Kritična pisma (SG 1867-68)

Josip Stritar: Pesmi (1869)

Josip Stritar: Literarni pogovori (1870)

Josip Stritar: Rosana (Zvon 1877) (103 KB)

Josip Jurčič: Nemški valpet: Povest (SG 1867)

Josip Jurčič: Sosedov sin: Povest (Mladika 1868) (108 KB)

Simon Gregorčič: Pesmi (1882--1908)

Simon Gregorčič: Pesmi (iz zbirke Jureta Zupana) (200 KB v zip-obliki)

Poezija Simona Gregorčiča

Janko Kersnik: Ponkrčev oča (LZ 1882)

Janko Kersnik: Mačkova očeta (LZ 1886)

Janko Kersnik: Jara gospoda (LZ 1893) (114 KB)

Janez Trdina: Bajke in povesti o Gorjancih (LZ 1882--88) (340 KB)

Jakob Sket: Miklova Zala: Povest iz turških časov (SV 38, 1884) (206 KB)

Ivan Tavčar: Otok in struga: Noveleta (1876)

Ivan Tavčar: Janez Sonce: Zgodovinska novela (Sn 1885) (300 KB)

Ivan Tavčar: Cvetje v jeseni (LZ 1917) (149 KB)

Fran Gestrin: Iz arhiva (LZ 1890)

Fran Maselj -- Podlimbarski: Gorski potoki (1895)

Miroslav Malovrh: Opatov praporščak: Zgodovinska povest (SN 1903) (300 KB)

Ivan Cankar: Hiša Marije Pomočnice (1904)

Ivan Cankar: Potepuh Marko in kralj Matjaž (1905)

Ivan Cankar: Hlapec Jernej in njegova pravica (1907) (104 KB)

Ivan Cankar: Podobe iz sanj (1917 -- odlomek)

Ivan Cankar: Mimo življenja (1920)

Alojz Gradnik: Padajoče zvezde (1916)

Fran S. Finžgar: Sama: Povest (DiS 1912) (286 KB)

Fran S. Finžgar: Strici (SV 80, 1927) (89 KB)

Ivan Pregelj: Mlada Breda: Povest (SV 67, 1913)

Ivan Pregelj: "Thabiti Kumi" (Sd 1933) (60 KB)

Alojz Kraigher: Peter Drozeg (Sn 1916) (119 KB)

Slavko Grum: Tri črtice (1925--1926)

Ivan Zorec: Izgnani menihi: Povest iz druge polovice 18. stoletja (Belih menihov 4. knjiga:

Samostan ob razpustu; SV 85, 1932) (290 KB)

Prežihov Voranc: Boj na požiralniku (Sd 1935)

Gustav Šilih: Beli dvor: Mladinski roman (1938) (820 KB)

Janez Menart: Pesmi in prevodi (1963--74) (150 KB)

Drago Jančar: Galjot (1978) -- odlomek

Marijan Pušavec: Zbiralec nasmehov (1991) (182 KB)

Damijan Šinigoj: Neizstreljeni naboj za Slovenijo (1994)

Valentin Cundrič: Molitvenik peščeni (sonetni venec sonetnih vancev) (75 KB)

Valentin Cundrič: Terjatve: Sonetni venec sonetnih vancev (1995)

Zoran Predin: Besedila popevk

Marko Simčič: Odlomki iz vohunskega romana Trinajsti otok, kriminalnega romana, pravljice in humoreske (1996)

Miha Mazzini: Nekaj besedil (1997)

Klemen Piska poezija (1998)

Vlado Kreslin: Pesmi

Miha Remec: Štiri zgodbe (Žar ptica, Odklon, Pomnik za Evridiko, Asfaltni svetilniki)



Karolina Kolmanič: Sonce ne išče samotnih poti: Povest (1968)

Rudi Šeligo: Tritpih Agate Schwarzkobler (1968) (246 KB)

Milan Lipovec: Čubejska prigoda (1972)

Milan Lipovec: Evento a Čubed (1972) (prevod v italijanščino)

Ivan Sivec: Pesem njenih zvonov (1972)

Ivan Sivec: Kruh ponoči spi (1994) (300 KB)

Ivan Sivec: Triglavski kralj: Črtice iz življenja župnika Jakoba Aljaža (1994) (366 KB)

Povezave na strani manj znanih domačih poetov

NN: Kmečka povest (1992) (101 KB)

Besedila popevk (1997)

Besedila popevk 2

Autofolska poezija (1997)

Bunker, virtualna literarna delavnica (1998)

Alfred Anžlovar: Pesmi za Lencko (1998)

Alfred Anžlovar: Uganke (1998)

Esej o mani (verzi, 1998)

Pesmi gospoda Ažmana (1998)

Alen Štimec: Poezija (1998)

Razni stihi (1998)

Tobinine pesmi (1998)

Internetni roman

Zbirka vicev Hiperteksti

Locutio on-line, mariborska e-literarna revija, seniorska literarna delavnica, ur. Marjan Pungartnik

Andrej Kocbek

Aleš Tacer, Pesmi

Stran enga zmedenga človeka

Klemen Bajec, Pesmi

Domen Brus, Pesniška zbirka Brez veze

Vladimir Stres, Pesmi

Milena, Verzi

Ljubezenska stran

Ljubezenski verzi in zgodbe

Jaka Železnikar: Interaktivalija/Interactivalia,

Generator, Aberration



Prevedena besedila

Henryk Sienkiewicz: Srečolovec (1884 prevedena v sl. pod naslovom Za kruhom, orig. Zachlebem, izseljenska povest)

George Orwell: 1984 (prevod iz angl. -- odlomek)

Jordan Horowitz: Kako vzgojiti očeta (Getting Even with Dad, 1994; prevod Mira Hladnik -- 155 KB)

MICHAEL GALOVIČ'S JOURNEY WITH ICONS A SPIRITUAL QUEST

Michael Galovič was born in Belgrade and is a graduate of the Belgrade Academy of Applied Arts. His passion for iconography began in childhood as he watched his father restoring frescoes and icons in Serbian churches and monasteries. Following a personal quest Michael travelled widely in the Middle East, Spain and Africa before making his home in Australia in 1990.

Michael creates traditional and contemporary icons based on the Byzantine tradition. He says: "This is a highly delicate task, for it is not to be undertaken simply for the sake of change or modernisation of form. The artistic and spiritual message must remain intact." At this stage of his life the creation of an icon is a deeply spiritual process for Michael. He says:

"I used to paint icons before. Now, the icons seem to be painting me."

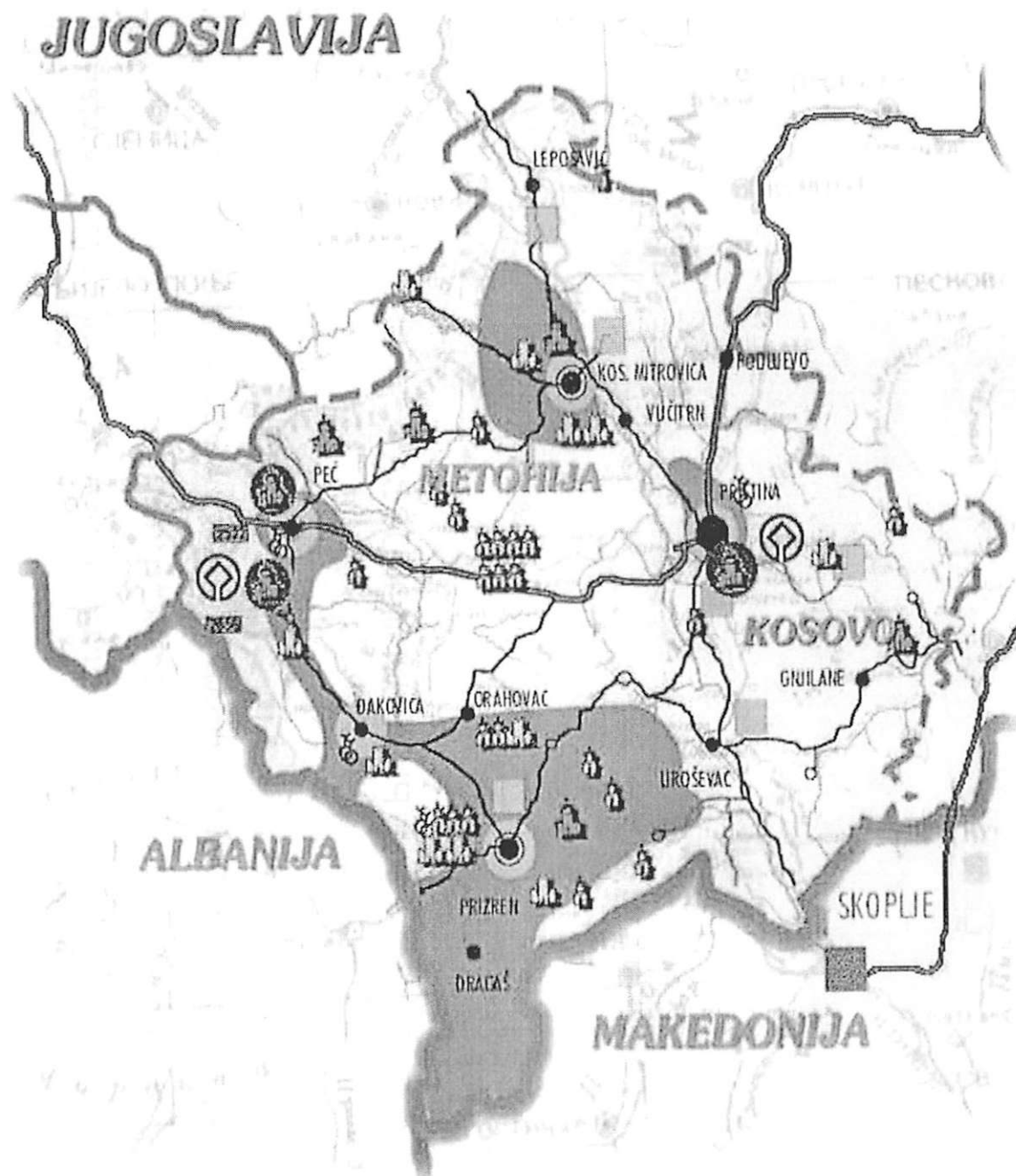
His work has been acclaimed around the country and today is displayed in many churches and private collections throughout Australia and overseas. His major work is the iconostasis for St. Elias, Sydney's Melkite church.



Other works include those for the Catholic church in Unanderra NSW, Greek Orthodox churches in Innisfail and Cairns, Russian Orthodox churches in Sydney and Newcastle, Marist Brothers, Holy Cross Presbytery Kincumber, Patrician Brothers School Fairfield NSW and Benedictine Monasteries in Wagga and Sydney.

Michael has exhibited widely in Australia and has participated in the Blake Prize for Religious art. His major artistic interest is amalgamation of medieval art with current artistic streams, introducing a contemporary spirit to traditional Byzantine icons.

In his seminars, Michael not only gives a fascinating history of icons and iconography but also, through his giftedness and passionate involvement, offers participants possibilities for deepening their personal and communal spirituality. ♪



Samostani

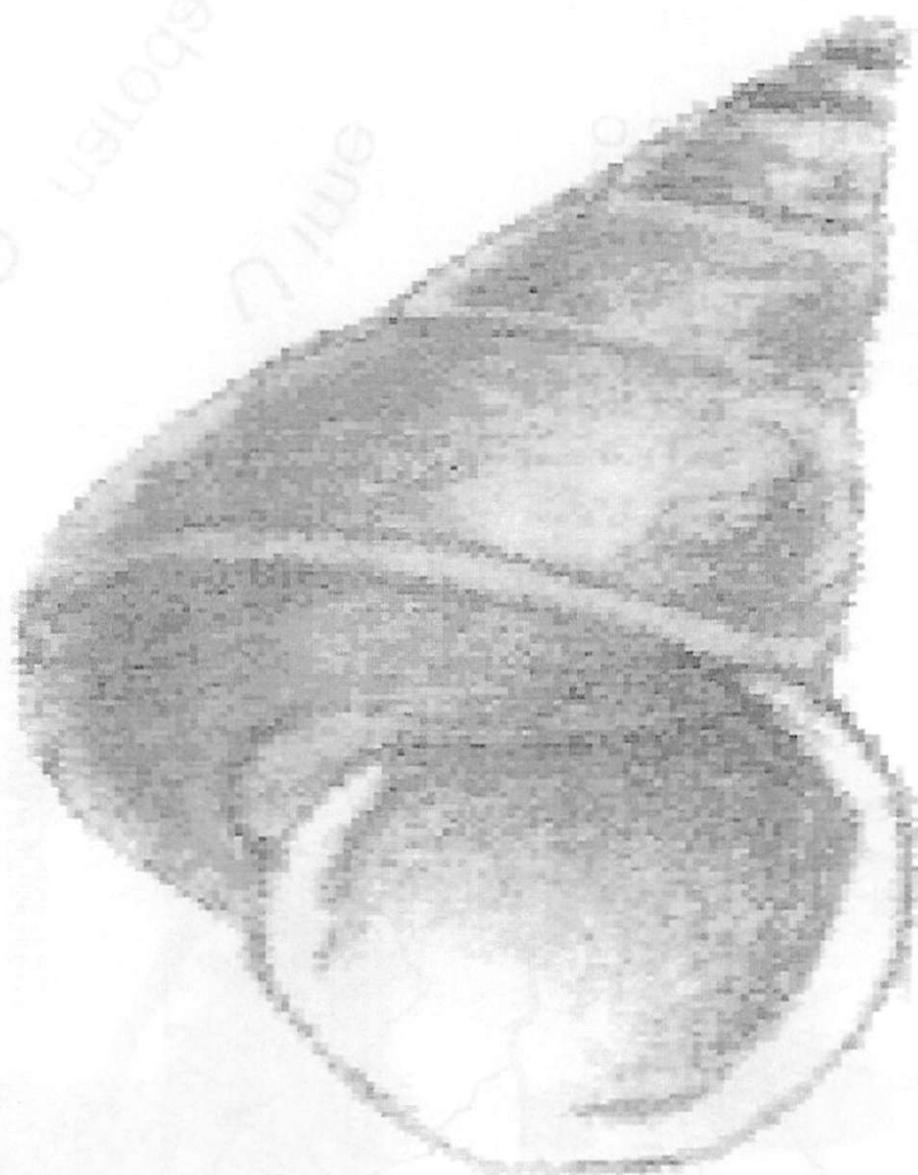


Cerkve



Imenovanja
v svetovno
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UNESCO

U ime
Obsojena kultura
naroda



PHYLUM MOLUSCA

*Vprašanje preživetja posameznikov ni več aktualno.
Preživimo lahko samo še kolektivno.*

Joan McIntyre, Mind in the Waters

Erasmus Darwin-prvak kisika

Izveček predavanja Ivanke Škof na Tretji Univerzi

Vačetku leta 1790. je v Angliji beseda kisik postala dostojna, čeprav so ji nasprotovali skoraj vsi vodeči kemisti tedanjega časa. Vzrok ni bila kaka znanstvena rasprava temveč poezija, ki jo je napisal Erasmus Darwin z naslovom *The Botanic Garden* ali prevedeno *Botanični vrt*. To je bila poezija z raširjenimi znanstvenimi pripombami. Prvi del je bil objavljen leta 1789, drugi pa 1792. Erasmus je dosegel velik uspeh, imenovali so ga vodeči angleški poet tistega časa. Bralci te poezije so podzavestno absorbirali njegovo vero v "francosko kemijo". Niti zavedali se niso, kako sporna je bila ta ideja za tisti čas.

Erasmus Darwin je dokazal, da voda ni le skupek enega elementa, ki se ga ne more raskrojiti, temveč je sestavina iz kisika in vodika.

George Bernard Shaw je opisal Erasmusa kot začetnika evolucije in njene teorije. Po poklicu je bil zdravnik. Za svoje neučeno delo in za skrb revnih bolnikov mu je prineslo veliko spoštovanje takratne družbe. Napisal je neštete rasprave na medicinskem in zdravstvenem področju. Veliko slavo in izvolitev v Royal Society leta 1761 je bila utemeljena na podlagi odkritja sile ob izparevanju vroče vode. Dve leti kasneje je pregovoril svojega prijatelja Matthew-a Boultona, da je zgradil kočijo na parni pogon. To zamisel je dobil, ko je v mrzlih zimah s konjsko uprego večkrat obstal na poti k svojemu pacientu. Dolge, zamrznjene poti niso bile kaj primerne za konje. Večkrat se je moral ustaviti, jih nakrmiti in napojiti. Pa tudi zamrznjena in spolska cesta je bila hudo nevarna za konje.

Organiziral je skupino znamenitih ljudi v **Lunar Society** imenovala se je tako, ker so se sestajali, ko je bila polna luna, ki jim je svetila na poti k sestanku in ob vrnitvi domov. V tej družbi so bili: Benjamin Franklin, ki se je mudil takrat v Angliji, Matthew Boulton, dr. William Small, James Watt, James Keir, Josia Wedgwood, Joseph Priestley, Edgeworth. Poleg filozofov, izumiteljev, ki so se radi družili z njim, je imel veliko prijateljev tudi med pesniki. Njegov največji občudovalec je bil mož pisateljice Mary

Shelley in sam svetovno priznan pesnik Percy Shelley, ki je utonil v mediteranskem morju star komaj 23 let. Tudi pesniki kot je bil Blake, Byron in Landor so bili pod Erasmusovim vplivom.



Erasmus Darwin
1731 - 1802

Poleg prijateljev pa je imel tudi veliko nasprotnikov. Posebno s strani tistih, ki niso sprejeli navka o evoluciji. Eden od takih je bil tudi S.T. Coleridge, čeprav je imel široko znanje, a prepojeno s filozofskim mišljenjem, da je Bog ustvaril svet, živali in človeka, je pa vendar napisal, da Erasmus poseduje največje znanje od vseh znanih mož v Evropi. Dejal je tudi, da je največji izumiteljski, filozof, prvak v literaturi in najbolj originalni mislec.

Erasmus je povabil Keir-a, naj ga podpre v trditvi, da je voda sestavljena iz 85 delov kisika in 15 tih delov vodika. Toda Keir je odklonil. Do takrat še ni bilo besede kisik v slovarjih. Tudi besede kot so hydrogen, azote in azotic, so bile prvič v rabi prav v Erasmusovi poeziji "*The Botanic Garden*". To se pravi, da je bil oče

teh besed.

Keir, Watt in Priestley so bili veliki nasprotniki francoski kemiji in tako tudi Erasmusovim odkritju. Bili so privrženci Phlogiston-ove teorije, češ, da voda ni sestavina elementov.

Svojo doktorsko karjero je začel briljantno, ko je ozdravil mladega moža bogate rodbine gospoda Inge. Zdravili so ga prominentni zdravniki, a so vsi dvignili roke v obupu, da nima več nobenega upanja na ozdravitev. Dali so mu le kratek čas življenja. Darwin je bil poklican kot še zadnje upanje, da bi ga morda rešil gotove smrti. In Erasmus mu je pomagal ter ga ozdravil, da je še dolgo živel in užival v svojem delu kot državni uslužbenec.

Napisal je zdravstveno knjigo z opisom znakov bolezni in kako te ozdraviti, z naslovom **Zoonomia**. Tehtala je 10 pounds ali skoro 5kg. Prevedena je bila v nemščino, francoščino, italijanščino. Sam papež mu je čestital in izrekel pohvalo. Zoonomia je bila prva knjiga napisana v decimalnem sistemu. Vsa zdravila so bila nakazana v gramih, prav tako dietna hrana. V njej je opisal tudi svoja iskustva na področju zdravljenja. Predpisal je celo kaj morajo starši storiti, ko zagledajo take in take bolne znake pri otrocih ali pri odraslih. Kako morajo ravnati z bolniki, kakšno hrano naj nudijo bolnikom z dotično boleznijo.

Erasmus je veroval v spontani razvoj življenja, ko so bili dani pogoji in je bila hrana na raspolago. Dejal je, da že antični Grki so imeli idejo, da vse vrste živih bitij, ki jih vidimo sedaj na zemlji, so se postopoma razvila iz primitivnih vrst flore in favne. Skozi dva tisoč let je ta idea občasno zaživela, ki

pa je bila potihnjena s strani cerkve, ki uči, da vse zvrsti življena so bile stvaritev Boga. Erasmusova teorija je bila blizu modernega pogleda na svet, ki ga je utemeljiv Lamarck in Erasmusov vnuk Charles Darwin.

Erasmusov pogled na rastlinstvo je najboljši podan v njegovi knjigi **Phytologia**. Posvetil jo je John-u Sinclair-u, predsedniku urada za kmetijstvo leta 1790. V knjigi avtor navaja, da v Angliji bi lahko pridobivali sladkor iz sladke pese, prav tako kot iz raznih korenin, slakornega trsa. Razne zajedalce bi lahko uničili s prahom tobaka, ki ga ljudje uživajo, kot šnofanje. V isti knjigi gre v podrobnost, kako zbrati dobra semena in uporabiti pravo metodo pri sejanju. Prav tako pouči, kako dobiti najboljše sadje s pravilnim ceplenjem, obrezovanjem, zavarovanjem pred zmrzaljo in z razrečitvijo odvečnih plovov.



Jean Baptiste Lamarck
(1744 – 1829)

Načrti njegovih izumov so bili napisani v knjigi z naslovom **COMMONPLACE BOOK**, ki pa ni nikoli izšla. Izumil je horizontalni mlin na veter, ki je imel 1053 obratov na

sekundo. Ta izum je imel tretjino več moči, kot vertikalni in so ga uporabili za pogon črpalke pri izsuševanju močvirij in irigaciji. Tudi dviganje vode v panamskem prekopu je bazirano na njegovem izumu. Njegovo teorijo o fonetičnem aparatu, ki so ga uporabili pri prvih zvočnih filmih je tudi Erasmusovo odkritje. Njegov govorni aparat je bila prava senzacija in leta 1771 je Boulton ponudil Erasmusu 1000 funtov za to iznajdbo. Kot **priči** te obljube sta bila Keir in Small.

Erasmus je polagal veliko skrb daljnogledu, ker je proučeval tudi astronomijo. Naredil je dosti optičnih leč. Izumil je elektrostatični generator. Pustil je skico o tem generatorju v knjigi **COMMONPLACE**.

Njegov načrt za straniščno ispiranje je v ne kem oziru bil bolj praktičen, kot je današnji. Naredil je tudi skico turbine z multi-lopatnicami zelo podobne Parsonovi parni turbini. [Je in še bi lahko naštevali njegove izume. Vendar takratna družba ga ni dovolj upoštevala zaradi njegovega religioznega radikalizma.

Erasmus Darwin je bil zdravnik, znanstvenik, izumitelj, pesnik in pisatelj. Napisal je neštete zdravstvene razprave, članke, znanstvene knjige in celo knjigo, kako je treba vzgajati mlado dekle, da bo postala dobra mati in delala za dobrobit skupnosti.

V predavanju o pisateljici Mary Shelley sem omenila, da ji je Erasmus posvetil dosti ur, ko je že kot dojenček zgubila svojo mater, katero ni poznala, saj je bila stara deset dni, ko ji je mati umrla in je oče bil zelo zaposlen kot predavatelj na univerzi.

Erasmus je ostal udovec, žena mu je umrla, še zelo mlada. Poročil se je v drugič. Skrbel je za šest otrok, dva je imel s prvo ženo, dve hčeri je imel izven zakon- postali sta znani, ker sta ustanovili prvi šolski internat v Ashbournu. Skrbel je za vse otroke, saj so živeli vsi doma pri njem. Zelo ga je prizadela smrt prve žene in še bolj smrt sina, ki je kot mladi zdravnik se vrezal v prst pri seciranju trupla, se pri zas-trupil in umrl.

Erasmus Darwin je umrl aprila meseca 1802. Z njegovo smrtjo ni le Anglija zgubila velikega vsestranskega moža, temveč ves svet je zgubil velikega misleca in dobrotnika, ki je z vsem srcem nudil pomoč potrebnim ljudem.

Njegov vnuk Charles Darwin je nadaljeval v marsičem, kar je njegov stari oče začel. ■



Sharyn Green

Harry

A lean hand stretched out for the telephone. The room was deathly hushed save for his strained breath, heartbeat pounding his ears. He waited to hear her familiar gravelly voice. It would be easier to walk out of here, he thought to himself, and as he did so he searched the room for the exit, still waiting for her to pick up. "Nothing's that easy" he muttered.



"What did you say?" she asked.
 "Have you heard from him?"
 "Morris," she said flatly, "no. He hasn't called. But I'm sure he'll phone in soon. Don't worry, Harry. You always worry over nothing."

There was a pause before he spoke. He'd practiced lengthy intervals when dealing with Sophie. She was a slow thinker. Slow mover. The years had worn her down. In Sophie's world nothing was rushed. "He's over two hours late," he said finally, and waited for her to speak, but there was no reply. Just the clink of ice cubes brushing against her whisky glass. "This is it, Sophie. I'm throwing him out of here tonight."

"That may be difficult, dear," she said deliberately, and he recognized all too well the power behind her raspy tone.

"He goes tonight." And Harry replaced the receiver.

He sat still for a long moment regarding the room he called his office. A cold little place. Not at all pleasing, considering he spent most of his waking hours here. He'd thought sometime ago of decorating the wall opposite his desk with paintings, perhaps seascapes, but Sophie scoffed the idea, pointing out to him that his work had nothing to do with the ocean. There was an ancient filing cabinet inherited from the old man along with a chair rendered unusable because of its gross discomfort. Even Morris hated the chair and complained bitterly about it. Harry kept it for just that reason. Better to have Morris stand. From Harry's vantage point he had a good solid view of Morris' overstuffed thighs and the rolling mounds of fat cascading over his belt, while his pudgy arms flew through the air with every idiotic word spitting from his mouth.



Harry rose from his desk and methodically headed for the staff room. Beneath the sink and way back behind plastic containers and rags he reached and extracted the bottle. A swig every now and then kept Morris going, and under pressure, the amber fluid would disappear in gulps. He gazed at the contents satisfied there was enough. Harry stuffed the bottle under his arm and left.



As he passed through the corridor towards the casket room he heard the blurred ring of the telephone and decided to ignore it.

There wasn't a moment to lose. He flung open the door and hit the light switch. For the first time that night Harry breathed easy, his shoulders drawn with pride. The crucial part of the deal was an expensive casket, and Harry was an expert salesperson. He knew exactly the right second to introduce the bereft to the grand mahogany bearing its brass handles as proudly as an Army Band. He approached his old friend and caressed its smooth, glistening surface. "More beautiful than any woman's dream," he uttered aloud, and peered thoughtfully around the room, "and far too good for either of them."



Custom made to Harry's stringent specifications. His reputation in the business was without question. Others tried to copy him, they could try he often boasted, but no-one could ever touch him. The old man had taught him well. "Never scare the broken-hearted. Brown, black. Too oppressive. Subtly lighten the shade with honey and they'll relax, they'll want to spend more." A smile lifted Harry's face as he recalled the words of the master now a world away. He'd be proud all right. Proud of Harry's achievements. And resting soundly knowing his craft was safe with Harry.

Harry decided to have the caskets spotlight while the old man was still in control. A costly exercise. The whole place had to be re-wired, but of course worth the trouble. They gleamed, majestically lined in three rows, Harry passed each one appraising their unique beauty. At the back of the last row Harry stopped. His face assumed its familiar scowl as he gazed upon a monstrous mismanagement of bad taste.

White fibre-glass handles offsetting red lacquered pine.

"The coffin of the future," Morris said. His arms flapping wildly as he spoke. Sophie stood behind offering her support.

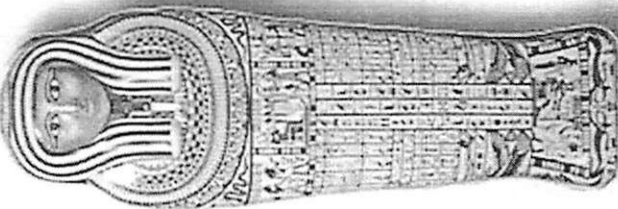
"Daddy would have let him," she said when Harry protested. "Daddy let you bring in new ideas all the time. Let the boy have his way, Harry. It might be a best seller."

This was the only order of what Morris referred to as the "sports car". Harry recalled the Roberts' family. It was a normal day, nothing exceptional, in fact a routine disposal. The Roberts weren't rich people, they were settling on the Canadian teak veneer when Morris, desperate to prove his point, wheeled the "sports car" in. Harry would have stopped him but there wasn't time. Everything moved so fast. Morris pushed in front of him and with a crazed look, slammed his clenched fist on the lid and exclaimed, "Now, this one just screams 'bury me quick.'"

There was complete silence in the salon. The Roberts rebounded in terror. Harry couldn't speak, he didn't know where to start and if he did, he didn't know where to end. He wasn't sure at the time if his heart was still beating. Morris took this as his queue to continue. "It's affordable. It's racy. This one is for you!" And then, when no response was forthcoming he added with the clout of a professional boxer, "It's cheap!"

"He's only young dear," she said. "He'll learn in time, but only if you encourage him. The trouble is Harry, you expect too much too soon." He eyed her, pouring herself a generous whisky, and pondered the possibility of homicide. She vacillated between drunk and almost drunk daily. It wouldn't take much to stop her breath. A gentle shove down the staircase, a pillow to mute her hazy dreams. No witnesses. Harry, credible beyond reproach, could play sombre widower. He nursed this thought actively ever since, the irony being that respect as a widower was more forthcoming than enduring the torment of his mis-match.

There is purity in death. Harry understood how the dead were exalted in their sacred journey. Remembered as a loyal wife, he could give her dignity as he mourned his tragic loss. He disappeared through a discreet door behind the "sports car" and approached a large vat and sniffed the air. The mix wasn't good, not the usual supplier but someone Morris discovered. Quality control was a delicate balance, but



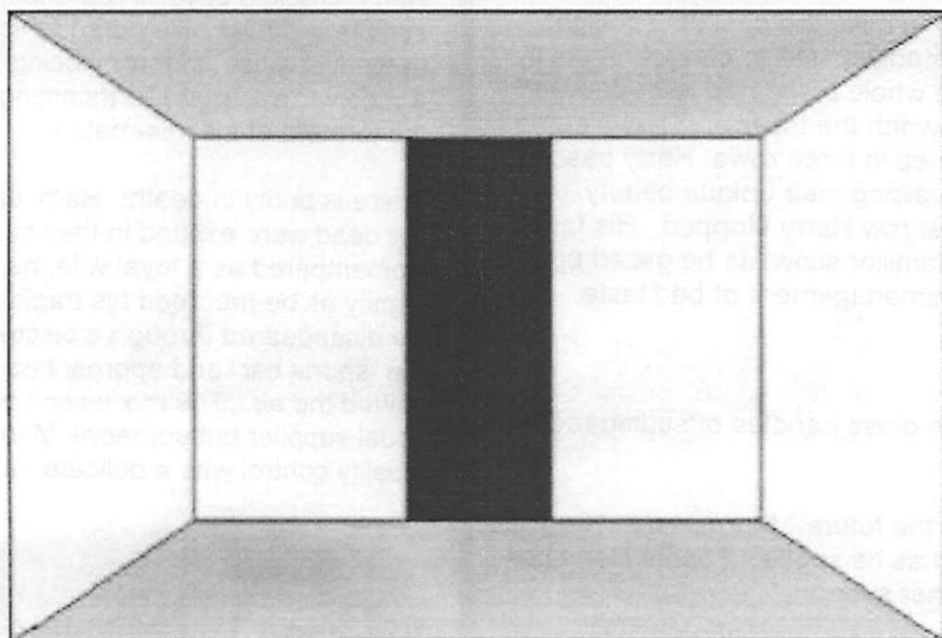
Harry kept quiet. He filled the bottle with clear fluid. He detoured past the staff room and returned to his desk. Nothing to do now but wait. And dream.

The reception was overdue for a face lift. A priority on the list of things to do. And his drab little office would be graced with new furniture. He recalled there was an appealing interior shop not far away and he made a mental note to call in the morning to ask for advice. Preferable to have someone come around. He melted into his chair and aimlessly stroked his sparse, grey hair. "All too simple, really" he mused.

It came from nowhere, a burning pain at his throat. He eagerly searched the ceiling hoping to find the answer. The spotlight was blurred and fading from view and Harry couldn't explain why he was feeling such agony. His reached for his throat but his arms weren't working. He kicked the desk desperate to escape. Then, exhausted, he quietly gave into shrouding ecstasy. Harry didn't take another breath.

An hulking arm reached over Harry for the telephone. "Auntie Sophie? I'll be home in a few minutes. But first, just maybe one for the road."

"And you deserve it my dear. I'll see you soon. Good boy." ■



Those art lovers who pride themselves on possessing no other talent.

I do not want
sides and my windows
tures of all the lands to
as freely as pos-
be blown

my house to be walled in on all
to be stuffed. I want the cul-
be blown about my house
sible. But I refuse to
off my feet by any.

selves mostly on taste usually

ids used to ask you
now they tell you where to

AAAAAA

BBBBBBBBBB

CCCCCCCCCCCC

DDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDDD

EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE

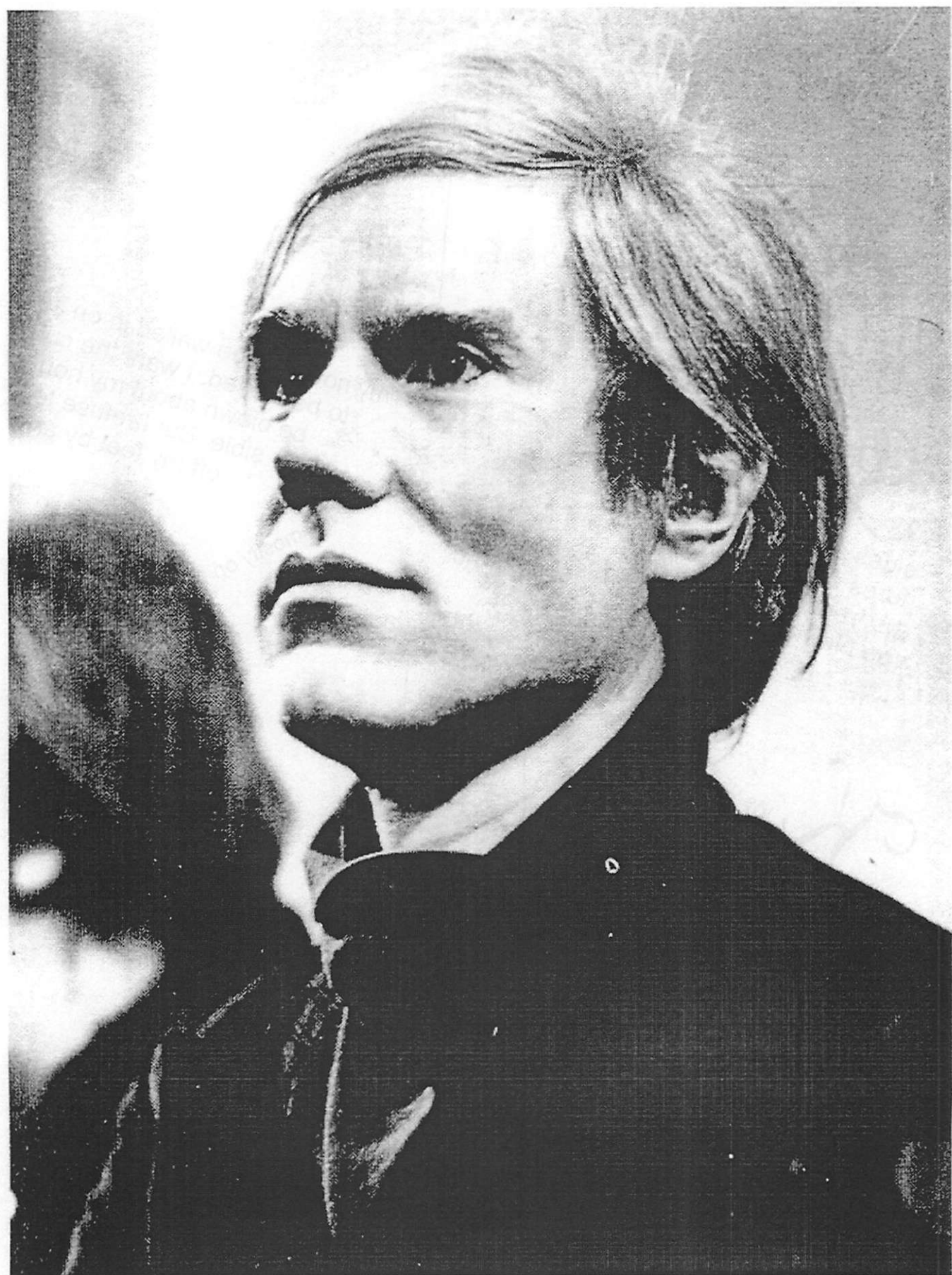
FFFFFFFFFFF
GGGGGGGGGGG

GGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGG

GGGGGGGGG
HHHHHHHHHH

Or the time

You gift me your love



The Andy Warhol Biography

The American artist and filmmaker Andy Warhol was born Andrew Warhola in 1928. There has for years been quite a bit of confusion to where and when Andy Warhol was born, but according to Andy's two older brothers and the birth certificate that was filed in Pittsburgh in 1945, he was born on August 6th in Pittsburgh. Whether or not this is the day he was born hasn't been proved, but it was on this date he would celebrate his birthday. However, there is no doubt that he died at 6:31 A.M. on Sunday, February 22nd, 1987, at the New York Hospital after a gallbladder operation. He is considered a founder and major figure of the POP ART movement. A graduate of the Carnegie Institute of Technology in 1949, he moved to New York City and gained success as a commercial artist. He got his first break in August 1949, when Glamour Magazine wanted him to illustrate a feature entitled "Success is a Job in New York". But by accident the credit read "Drawings by Andy Warhol" and that's how Andy dropped the "a" in his last name. He continued doing ads and illustrations and by 1955 he was the most successful and imitated commercial artist in New York. In 1960 he produced the first of his paintings depicting enlarged comic strip images - such as Popeye and Superman - initially for use in a window display. Warhol pioneered the development of the process whereby an enlarged photographic image is transferred to a silk screen that is then placed on a canvas and inked from the back. It was this technique that

The Andy Warhol Biography

enabled him to produce the series of mass-media images - repetitive, yet with slight variations - that he began in 1962. These, incorporating such items as Campbell's Soup cans, dollar bills, Coca-Cola bottles, and the faces of celebrities, can be taken as comments on the banality, harshness, and ambiguity of American culture.

Later in the 1960s, Warhol made a series of experimental films dealing with such ideas as time, boredom, and repetition; they include *Sleep* (1963), *Empire* (1964), and *The Chelsea Girls* (1966). In 1965 he started working with a rockband called "The Velvet Underground" formed by Lou Reed and John Cale. Andy introduced them to the model and moviestar Nico and she sang on their debut album from 1967 "The Velvet Underground and Nico". Andy would travel around the country, not only with The Velvets, but also with superstar of the year Edie Sedgwick and the lightshow "The Exploding Plastic Inevitable".

On June 3rd, 1968, Valerie Solanis, a rejected superstar, came into The Factory and shot Andy three times in the chest. He was rushed to hospital where he was pronounced dead, but after having his chest cut up and been given heart massage, he survived. Valerie Solanis turned herself in that night and was put in a mental institution. She was later given a three year prison sentence. After recovering Andy Warhol continued to work. He founded *inter/VIEW* magazine in 1969 (they changed the name to *Interview* in 1971), published *The Philosophy of Andy Warhol: From A to B and Back Again* in 1975 and continued to paint portraits until his death in 1987.

ANDY WARHOL

(From the album "Honky Dory" by David Bowie)

Like to take a cement fix
Be a standing cinema
Dress my friends up just for show
See them as they really are
Put a peephole in my brain
Two New Pence to have a go
I'd like to be a gallery
Put you all inside my show

Andy Warhol looks a scream
Hang him on my wall
Andy Warhol, Silver Screen
Can't tell them apart at all

Andy walking, Andy tired
Andy take a little snooze
Tie him up when he's fast asleep
Send him on a pleasant cruise
When he wakes up on the sea
Be sure to think of me and you
He'll think about paint and he'll think about glue
What a jolly boring thing to do

Andy Warhol looks a scream
Hang him on my wall
Andy Warhol, Silver Screen
Can't tell them apart at all (chorus x2)

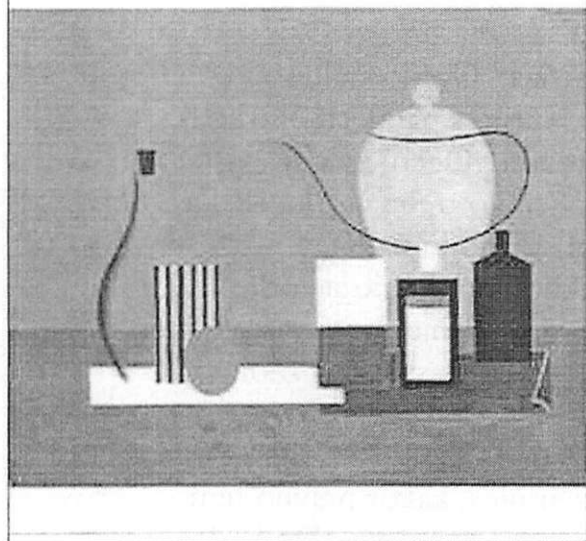




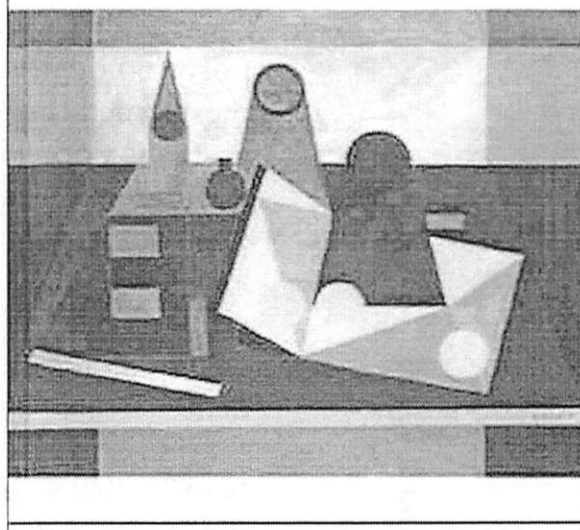
Dr Milan Butina, slovenski akademski slikar in likovni teoretik

Milan Butina

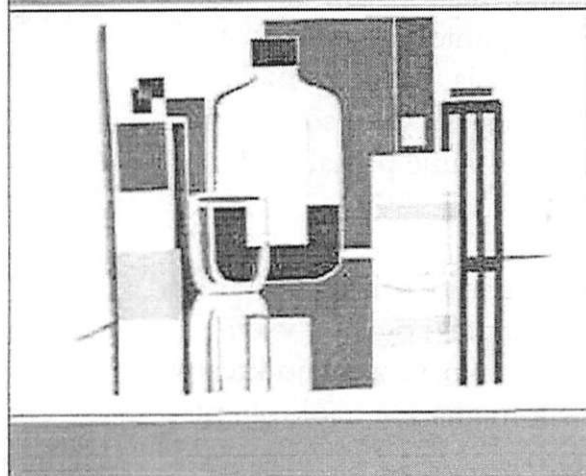
O SLIKARSTVU



Milan Butina

PRVINE
LIKOVNE PRAKSE

Milan Butina

UVOD
V LIKOVNO OBLIKOVANJE

V naslednjih številках Svobodnih Razgovorov bomo objavili pogovor z Dr. Milanom Butino. Posebej nas bodo zanimala likovna vzgoja in sodobne metode, ki jih uporabljajo v Sloveniji za približanje umetniških izdelkov in njihovega pomena, ki presega ekonomsko in tržno vrednost slike, kipa ali oblikovanja.

Nekega poletnega večera je sedela družba dobronamerne narave in mehkega rdečega vina na vrtu slovenskega dojena slikarske analize in učitelja tistih, ki so bili in so še pripravljeni poslušati.

Debata je nanese na vprašanje definicije različice med moškim in možem. Ali po slovenko kdaj moški postane mož. In rezultati so bili zanimivi, saj so variirali od gosta do gostje.

Manjšina je zagovarjala teorijo moža kot graditelja hise za družino, večina pa je zavzela stavo, kjer se moški spremeni v moža, ko napiše in objavi knjigo.

Iz knjige **Praznično leto Slovencev** Starosvetne šege in navade od pomladi do zime

Dr Niko Kuret
Prva Knjiga, Družina Ljubljana 1989208

MED ZIMO IN POMLADJO

postavijo ognje same v obliki križa. Gorijo stalno na istem mestu, med cesto in cerkvijo. Kurijo s panji, smolnjaki, ki jih fantje poprej izkopljejo v gozdu. Ogenj naložijo visoko. Svojčas so čezenj skakali, zato je bilo treba visoko skakati. Neki domačin je nekoč naredil stojalo in na njem razpostavil lončene črepe v obliki oltarja, monštrance, križa ipd. V njih je gorel ogenj. V Stevanovcih igejo ognje zunaj vasi, tudi do dvajset jih je. Med procesijo so svojčas streljal z moinarji, danes streljajo s karbidom.

Na ŠTAJERSKEM kurijo vuzemnice, kakor pravijo tem ognjem, navadno v nedeljo zjutraj, ko se dani. Do koder seže dim vuzemnic, do tja ni kuge, pa tudi mraz tam ne bo škodil.

Podobno kakor v Prekmurju kurijo tudi na Štajerskem povsini take velikonočne ognje, da predstavljajo neke like. V starih železnih koncih, lončenih piskrih in ponvah, razpostavljenih na posebnem lesenem ogrodju, gorijo pravočasno pripravljene smolenjake.

Po večernem vstajenju zapeljejo smolenjake in kresno ogrodje na kresišče. Tu izkopljejo - kakor nam navado sočno opisuje Ignac Koprivec devet jamic, vanje pa postavijo lesene sohe, tako da je srednja najvišja, ostale pa padajo v enakih razdaljah vedno nižje in nižje. Na vrhu so pribite deske, na katere namestijo črepinje, vanje pa naložijo smolenjake.

Ko v farni cerkvi odzvoni zdravamarijo, prižge najstarejši fant iz vasi smolenjak, s katerim napravi ogenj v vseh črepinjah. Po bregeh, kamor nese oko, se zaigajo kresovi. Stotine in stotine drobcenih lučk miglja vse naokrog, po vaseh pa se začujejo prvi vriski ...

Na kresišču se polagoma zbero vaščani, fantje zapojo. Opolnoči kresovi navadno ugasnejo. Zažgo jih ge na veliko nedeljo zvečer, pa tudi na veliki ponedeljek. Lep je pogled iz Prlekije, ko se na gričkih Slovenskih goric pokažejo prvi ognji.

Prav stara je bila navada, da so fantje dekleta, dekleta pa fante med kresom polivala z vodo. Davorin Terstenjak nam o njej poroča že leta 1859.

Ko so dekleta polivala fante, so baje pela:

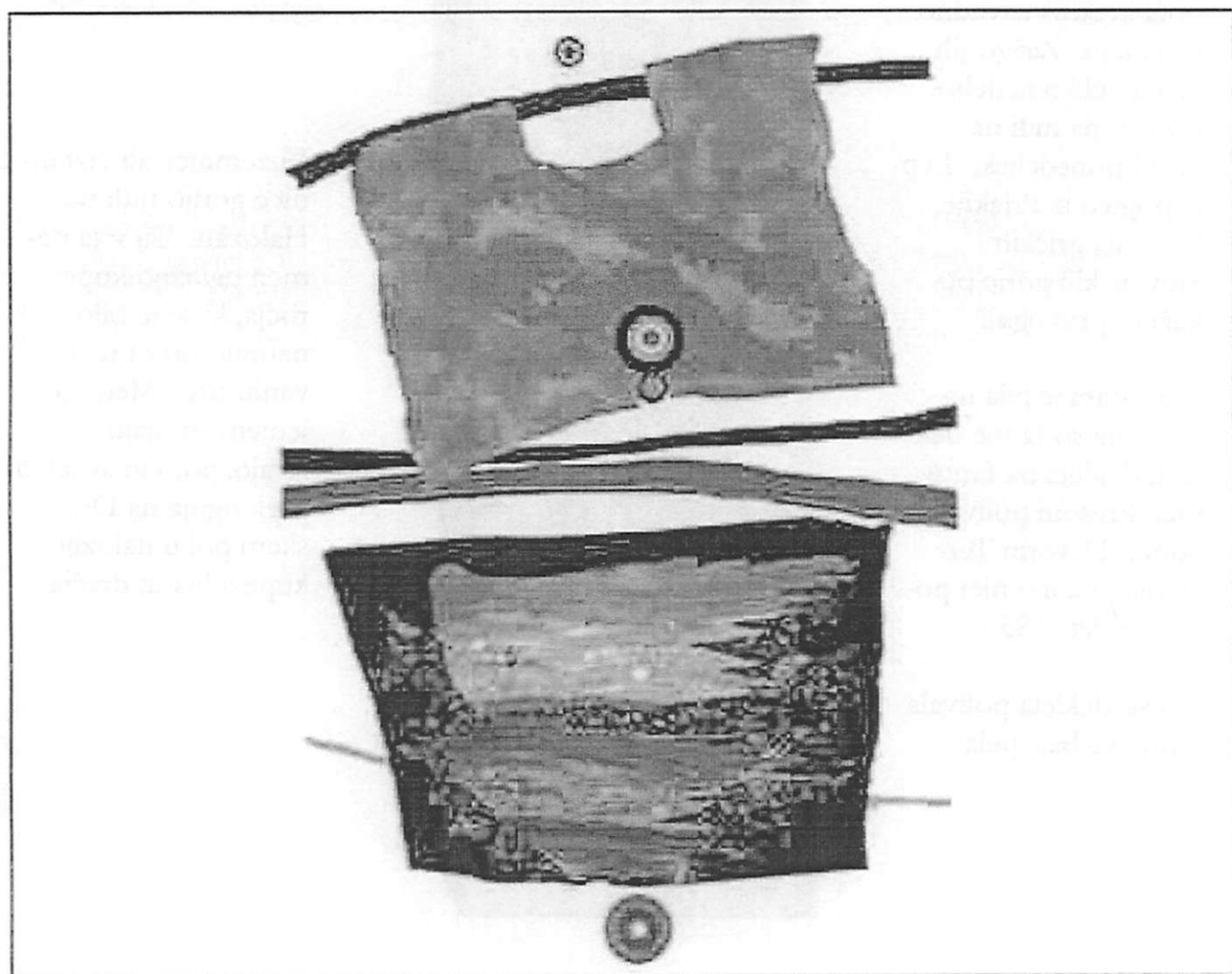
*Ljubi moj fant je jak, on je lep mijak.
Moja pa deklica čista kopalica.* *verz z naslovne strani



Vuzemnice ali vizemnice gorijo tudi po Halozah. Tu v ta namen naložijo kupe ročja, ki se je bilo nabralo pri obrezovanju trte. Med kurjenjem streljajo, igrajo, pojo in skačejo prek ognja na Dravskem polju naložijo kupe gibja in dračja.



PANJSKA KONČNICA



<http://www.kabi.si/si21/kam/markobutina>
 Galerija 2, Stara cesta 41, Vrhnika, Slovenija

Slovenian Graphic Design: Here and Now Slovenia, which became independent less than ten years ago with the collapse of Communism and the breakup of Yugoslavia, has a surprisingly long history in graphic arts. The capital city of Ljubljana has for 40 years played host to the International Biennial of Graphic Arts. Ljubljana is not only a cultural and political centre, but also the design centre. Contemporary graphic design accurately mirrors the swift changes taking place. Citizens are adapting to a free-market capitalism and the return of more democratic values. This is reflected in graphic art, where designers now utilize contemporary tools and stay informed about trends. We've chosen recent work by designers who have made a critical mark on Slovenian graphic art and wielded influence over subsequent design creativity.

6. Poletni tečaji slovenskega jezika na Slovenski obali

Portorož, 2. – 15. 8. 1999

58.500 Sit

UDELEŽENCI

Poletni tečaji so namenjeni vsem, ki bi se radi naučili slovenskega jezika, tako popolnim začetnikom kot tistim, ki osnove slovenskega jezika že znajo, pa bi radi svoje znanje še izpopolnili. Zaželeno je, da so udeleženci stari najmanj 15 let.

JEZIKOVNI TEČAJI

Jezikovni tečaji na več nivojih, od začetniških do nadaljevalnih in izpopolnjevalnih, trajajo 2 tedna. Obsegajo 40 šolskih ur (po 45 min) oziroma 4 šolske ure na dan (od 9.00 do 12.30). Na vseh nivojih sta prvi dve uri namenjeni predvsem spoznavanju jezikovnih struktur, drugi dve pa konverzaciji. Vsak dan pa se lahko odločite tudi za dodatno, individualno razlago pri reševanju jezikovnih problemov.

Razvrstitev

Udeleženci prvi dan opravijo razvrstitveni test. Glede na rezultat so razvrščeni v eno izmed začetnih, nadaljevalnih ali izpopolnjevalnih skupin. Skupino sestavlja največ 12 študentov.

Lektorji in učbeniki

Tečaje vodijo strokovno usposobljeni lektorji, ki se že več let ukvarjajo s poučevanjem tujcev. Vsak udeleženec dobi učbenik in drugo gradivo za tečaj na ustreznem nivoju.

Potrdila in spričevala

Ob koncu tečaja udeleženci dobijo potrdilo o udeležbi. Študentje najvišje skupine pa lahko opravljajo tudi izpit iz aktivnega znanja slovenščine (ki je pogoj za vpis na slovenski univerzi ter pridobitev slovenskega državljanstva).

POPOLDANSKI TEČAJI S PREDAVANJI IN DELAVNICAMI

Ob jezikovnih tečajih so vsak popoldan na voljo različni popoldanski tečaji s predavanji in delavnicami, kjer udeleženci spoznavajo Slovenijo in njeno kulturo v najširšem smislu, poleg tega pa ob ustvarjalnem delu lahko še dodatno izpopolnjujejo svoje znanje slovenskega jezika. Na voljo bodo predvidoma tečaji na naslednje teme: slovenska zgodovina, slovenska folklor, slovenska ljudska glasba, slovenska književnost, slovensko gledališče in film.

EKSKURZIJE

V programu Poletnih tečajev sta tudi dve ekskurziji: ena v Ljubljano in eno od slovenskih pokrajin, druga pa z ladjo po slovenskih obalnih mestih.

*Na obzorju
vstaja dan
je val na morju
manj zdivjan,
se dviga plast meglene*

*Če vzdigne se,
o, tisoč sreč!
Zapoj srce:
ne ustavi več
te val ne čer nobena!*

Alojz Kocjančič, Moja pesem

ZRS Koper - Poletni tečaji
prof. Vesna Gomezel Mikolič
Garibaldijeva 18
6000 Koper
Slovenija
Tel: +386 66 21 260, Fax:
+386 66 271 321
Email: vesna.gomezel@zrs-
kp.si
Web: <http://www.zrs-kp.si>

6th Summer Courses of Slovene Language on the Slovene Coast

Portorož 2nd – 15th August 1999
58.500 Sit

PARTICIPANTS

The summer courses are meant for all who wish to learn Slovene, from absolute beginners to those who want to improve the basic knowledge of the language they have already acquired. It is preferred that the participants are at least 15 years of age.

LANGUAGE COURSES

Two-week language courses are held on different levels: elementary, intermediate and advanced. The courses comprise 40 periods. The duration of each period is 45 minutes, and there are 4 periods a day (from 9.00 a.m. to 12.30 p.m.). On all levels the first two morning lectures are devoted to language structures, and the next two to conversation.

Every day it is possible to attend additional individual classes, meant to help you sort out any problems related to language structures.

Placement in classes

On the first day the participants write the classification paper testing their knowledge of Slovene. According to the results of their test, they are allocated in the teaching group corresponding to their level. Each group consists of a maximum of 12 students.

Lecturers and textbooks

The courses are held by professional lecturers with years of experience in teaching foreigners. Each participant is supplied with textbook and all additional material needed on his level.

Certificates and reports

Participants are given the Certificate of attendance at the end of the course. Students of the advanced level may take the Test of Slovene as a Foreign Language required for the admittance to the Universities of Slovenia and for Slovene citizenship.

AFTERNOON COURSES WITH LECTURES AND WORKSHOPS

In addition to the language courses, there are different courses with lectures and workshops offered to the participants every afternoon, enabling them to perfect their Slovene and get more familiar with Slovenia as well as its culture. There will be courses on the following topics: Slovene history, Slovene folklore, Slovene popular music, Slovene literature, Slovene theatre and film.

EXCURSIONS

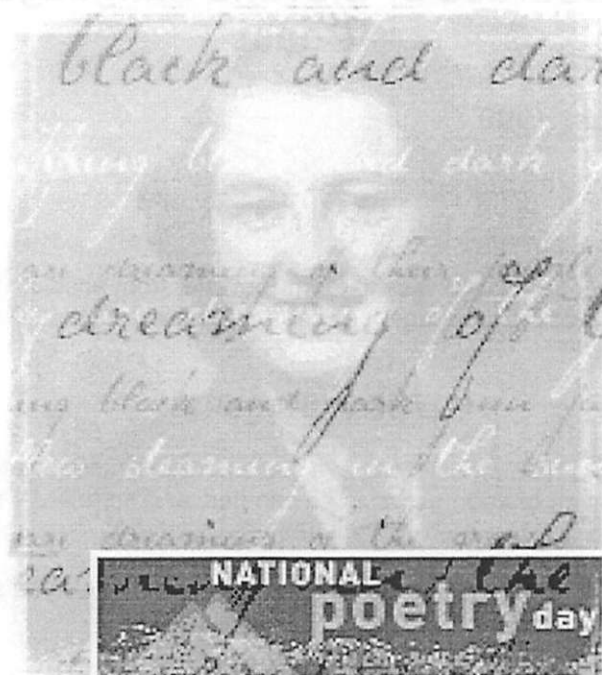
As part of the Summer Courses programme there are two excursions: the first to Ljubljana and one of the Slo-

*On the horizon
the day is breaking,
the wave on the sea
is calming down,
a foggy layer is rising
If it does rise,
O, what luck!*

*Sing, my heart:
neither the wave nor the reef
is never going to stop you*

(Alojz Kocjančič, *My Poem*)





Dorothea McKellar

My Country

The love of field and coppice,
Of green and shaded lanes,
Of ordered woods and gardens
Is running in your veins.
Strong love of grey-blue distance,
Brown streams and soft, dim skies-
I know but cannot share it,
My love is otherwise.

I love a sunburnt country,
A land of sweeping plains,
Of ragged mountain ranges,
Of droughts and flooding rains.
I love her far horizons,
I love her jewel-sea,

Her beauty and her terror-
The wide brown land for me!

The stark white ring-barked forests,
All tragic to the moon,
The sapphire-misted mountains,
The hot gold hush of noon,
Green tangle of the brushes
Where lithe lianas coil,
And orchids deck the tree-tops,
And ferns the warm dark soil.

Core of my heart, my country!
Her pitiless blue sky,
When, sick at heart, around us
We see the cattle die -
But then the grey clouds gather,
And we can bless again
The drumming of an army,
The steady soaking rain.

Core of my heart, my country!
Land of the rainbow gold,
For flood and fire and famine
She pays us back threefold.
Over the thirsty paddocks,
Watch, after many days,
The filmy veil of greenness
That thickens as we gaze.

An opal-hearted country,
A wilful, lavish land -
All you who have not loved her,
You will not understand -
Though earth holds many splendours,
Wherever I may die,
I know to what brown country
My homing thoughts will fly.



Katherine Langloh Parker collected and wrote down oral Aboriginal stories. These stories often explained everyday phenomena with variations of the stories dependant on who they were being told by - and who was the audience. It is said that there are some stories which are only meant for initiated men's ears, and it is unlikely that Mrs Parker ever heard any of these "secret" stories. These are children's stories designed to explain or educate as well as entertain. It is probable that a lot has been lost in translation and interpretation by the author - but they still make fascinating reading.

Piggi-Billa The Porcupine (Echidna)



Piggi-Billa was getting old and not able to do much hunting for himself. Nor did he care so much for the flesh of emu and kangaroo as he did for the flesh of men. He used to entice young men to his camp by various devices, and then kill and eat them. At last the Daens found out what he was doing. They were very angry, and determined to punish him.

"We will kill or cripple him," they said, "so that he, giant though he be, shall be powerless against our people."

He was lying asleep, face downwards, as he did not wish his Doowi, or dream spirit, to leave him, as it might have done had he slept on his back, with his mouth open.

In his sleep even he seemed to hear a rustling in the leaves, but suspected no evil, saying drowsily to himself, "It is but the Bulla Bulla, or butterflies, fluttering round."

Then he slept on while his enemies closed in round him.

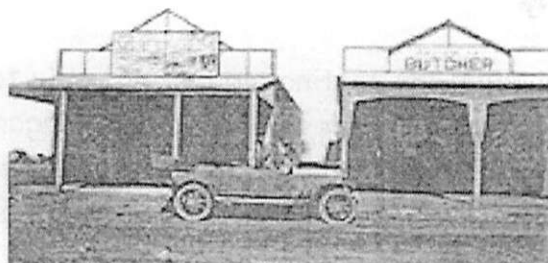
Raising their spears, with one accord they threw them at him, until his back was one mass of them sticking up all over it. Then the Daens rushed in, and broke his arms and legs, with their boondis and woggoras, or wooden battle axes, crippling him indeed. As he made neither sound nor movement, they thought they had killed him, and went back, satisfied with their vengeance, to the camp, meaning to return for their weapons later.

As soon as the Daens were gone, Piggi-billa crawled away on all fours to the underground home of his friend Murga Muggai the spider. Down he went through the trap-door, and there he stayed until his wounds were healed.

He tried to draw out the spears but was unable to do so; they stayed in his back for ever, and for ever he went on all fours, as his tribe has done ever since. They, too, as he did, go quickly underground if in danger from enemies.



Annie Russell (nee Hart) was born in Brewarrina, a small town situated on the Barwon River in northern New South Wales. Annie grew up in Brewarrina and after her marriage to Eric Russell in 1941 they moved to Sydney. A few years later they returned to work in the district around Brewarrina where they stayed until Annie's death in 1998.

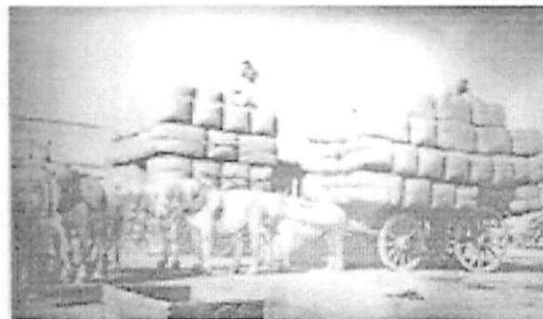


In 1859 Captain William Randall took the river steamer "Gemini" up the Darling river to a place known then as the Blacks Fishing ground which was a configuration of circular walls of stones in the river bed assembled to trap fish. This was the start of the river boat trade on the Barwon/Darling at Brewarrina. There is a natural drop in the river at this point and for goods to continue on to Walgett and beyond they had to be carried up the bank from the downstream steamer and be reloaded on the waiting steamer upstream. This was the only portage wharf on the river.

Shops in Brewarrina circa 1930

About 30 years before the riverboats arrived, settlers had taken up land along the river system. Teamsters, both horse and bullock teams, pulled their wagons many miles with wool and produce to get it to market. When the river boats came the teams pulled their loads to a river port for transfer to a steamer to continue its journey to market. This form of carrying continued until 1901 then the train came to Brewarrina. the teamsters continued to carry wool and produce but now it was taken to the railhead.

In 1861 Brewarrina town was laid out and declared a town in 1863, the year Brewarrina had its first newspaper. Hotels were springing up in the town and at an average of 25 miles apart on different routes the teamsters travelled. These routes became roads as they are today. Motor transport got underway in the late 1920's and these roads are still used today.



In 1866 the Brewarrina Police station opened with one senior constable and one constable until 1904 when there was one sergeant and four constables. One was a mounted constable who rode his horse to outposts to check if all was well and to hear any charges. this same year the Gongolgon Police station opened. This is a small town 28 miles south of Brewarrina and was the depot for Cobb & Co.

Twice a week two horse coaches met with the Cobb & Co coach at Gongolgon to pick up passengers going to Brewarrina and places north. Cobb & Co ran coaches from Dubbo railway station to Timbregongie, Warren, Cannonbar, Willeroon, Gongolgon then up the Bogan river to Bourke. the last coach ran in 1923 as they could not compete with the railway. (In 1974 the last train ran to Brewarrina)

The population fluctuated with (itinerate workers) people seeking work, walking and riding pushbikes mostly. In 1920 the population in the town was in excess of 2000 in 1997 it was 1400.

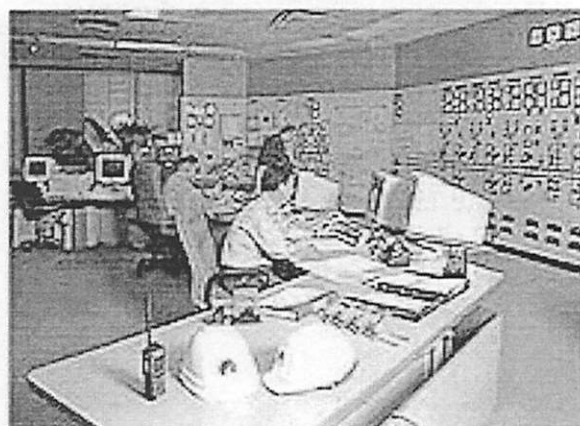
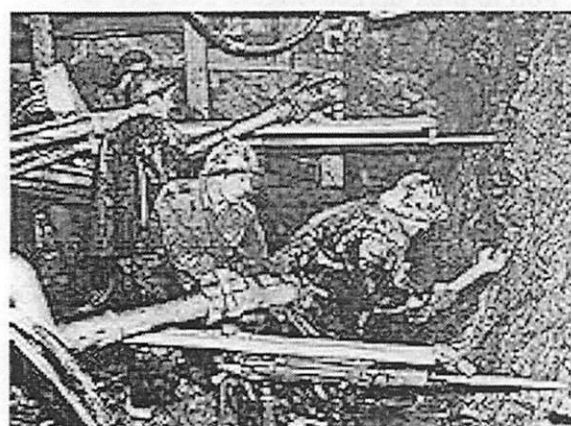
The flood in 1890 was the biggest recorded in Brewarrina. There have been several floods since but with modern machinery to build levee banks the town is secure.

The town developed towards the river to accommodate the river trade and is still close to the river. Several rivers feed into the Barwon-Darling river system from Queensland where the tropical cyclones and monsoonal rains fall. Services in Brewarrina have been reduced over the years but the people who live here would not want to live elsewhere.

SNOWY MOUNTAINS SCHEME

1949-1999

THE FIRST 50 YEARS



NOVA KNJIGA IZPOD PERESA AVSTRALSKEGA

Za petdesetletnico Načrta Snežnih gora (1949-1999) je v tisku nova knjiga: *THE SNOWY - CRADLE OF A NEW AUSTRALIA*, izpod peresa avtorja knjig *MEN WHO BUILT THE SNOWY* in *MOŽJE SNOWYJA*.

Praznovanje petdesetletnice - "SNOWY MOUNTAINS SCHEME 50TH ANNIVERSARY" - že poteka in se bo nadaljevalo celo leto 1999, a bo doseglo vrhunec 16. in 17. oktobra v Coomi in Jindabyne, ko se bo tam zbralo na tisoče nekdašnih in sedanjih uslužbencev tega ogromnega projekta, ki je v petdesetih letih v veliki meri pomagal spremeniti Avstralijo v novo multikulturno državo.

THE SNOWY - CRADLE OF A NEW AUSTRALIA, je izredno originalna knjiga, ki opisuje v živih odlomkih prvo desetletje življenja povojnih imigrantov v Avstraliji, posebno Slovencev, ki so delali prva leta na Snowyju. Originalnost knjige je v tem, da je menda prva in edina spisana od navadnega delavca, ki ni angleskega porekla, ampak predstavlja dve tretjini mož s Snowyja, ki so bili različnih narodnosti in so pokazali, kako je mogoče uspešno sodelovati v multikulturnem okolju, kakršnega je ustvarila praktična potreba ravno na Snowy č čiti. Knjiga vseskozi dokazuje, kako se je na Snowyju igralo prvo dejanje avstralske družbene in kulturne preobrazbe.

Avtor te knjige se ne šteje za poklienega pisatelja, saj niti v šolo ni bodil, ne slovensko, ne angleško, ampak samo italijansko v nenavadnih razmerah med vojno. Knjiga sama ni ne povest, ne zgolj zgodovina. Je pa v odlomkih oboje, ilustrirana z mnogimi fotografijami, ki v drugačni knjigi bi ne prišle v poštev. So pa zgodovinske in bodo marsikomu obujale spomine.

Če hi hoteli deliti to knjigo po vsebini, hi morali dati posebej poglavja zgodovinske povesti, poglavja čiste in preproste zgodovine in dodatek številnih slik z razlago. Odločili smo se povezati vse skupaj kakor v šolski priročnik, iz katerega lahko študent izvleče vse, kar potrebuje za svojo razpravo o Načrtu Snežnih gora ali o nastanku multikulture v Avstraliji.

Poglavja v knjigi niso strogo povezana in so tako razvrščena, da je branje lahko od začetka do konca. Nekatera se berejo kot neodvisne zgodbe. V dodatku pa je najti še nekaj pesniških utrinkov, ki se nanašajo na splošno temo knjige.

Najbolj važno poglavje za Slovence je HISTORICAL CORRECTION, zgodovinski popravek, zaradi katerega je nujno, da pride knjiga v roke zgodovinarjem in v šolske knjižnice, kjer se ho primerjala z drugimi in bo izhrisala črno packo na srednji strani zgodovine Slovencev v Avstraliji.

Avtorji drtigh knjig so namreč dali v zgodovino popolnoma napačen opis neprijetnega dogodka iz leta 1957 v Tumut Pond, kjer je bil nekega večera v kantini močno ranien irski delovodja. Po nedoližnem obtoženib, sojenib in zaprtib na ta račun pa je bilo šest Slovencev, pod oznako "THE YUGOSLAVS UNDER THE LEADERSHIP OF BIG ROMEO".

Vse to in mnogo drugih še neobjavljenih zanimivosti iz tistih čsov bo prišlo na dan v pojasnilo zgodovinarjem in v zabavo bralcem nove knjige,

THE SNOWY - CRADLE OF A NEW AUSTRALIA.

IVAN KOBAL
19.3.99

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Izdali smo nekaj knjižic, med drugim dve o slovenskem ekslibrisu, o starejših ekslibrisih na Slovenskem, knjižico s slovenskimi motivi na ekslibrisih Karolyja Andruske, dokaj kvaliteten katalog ob vsaki razstavi otroških ekslibrisov, ki so posebnost nasega društva, pri čemer nimamo nekaj podobnega nikjer v svetu. Pravkar je izšla lepa knjižica z naslovom Ekslibris in knjige. Nekajkrat smo imeli natečaje - večinoma mednarodne - za izdelavo ekslibrisov na različno tematiko.

Društvo vključuje okrog 400 članov, okrog 50 jih je iz tujine. Častni člani so prof. Jaro Dolar, dolgoletni predsednik društva, akad. slikar Leon Koporc, dolgoletni podpredsednik društva, Kroly Andruske iz Sente, eden največjih izdelovalcev ekslibrisov na svetu in prof. Bojan Golija, eden najvidnejših naših grafikov.

prof. dr. Rajko Pavlovce



Franjo Stiplovšek (1898-1963)



Miha Maleš (1903-1987)



Prekherfeld

Svobodni Razgovori
Free Dialogues



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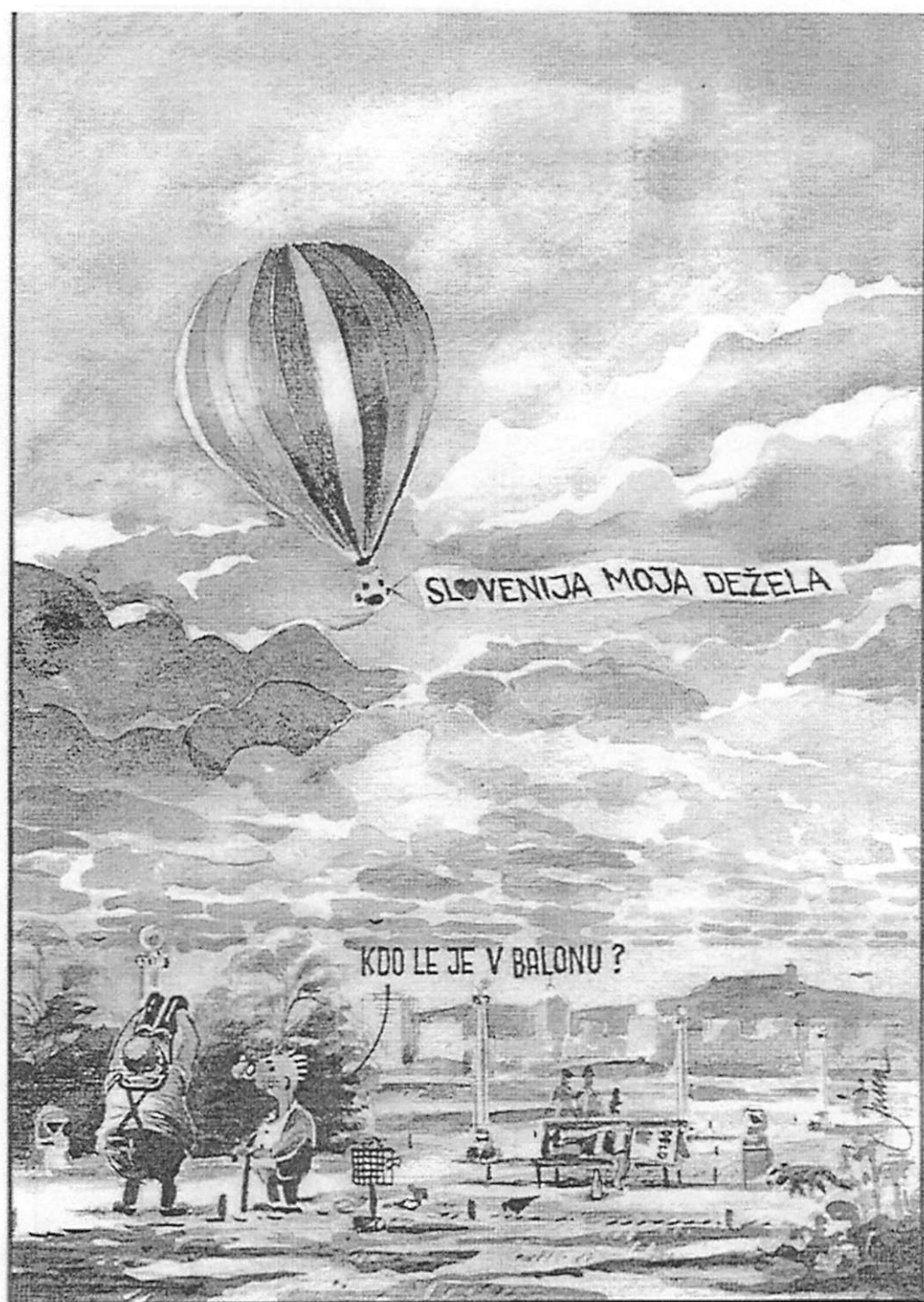
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Thank You

Svobodni Razgovori
Free Dialogues



Karikatura: Borica Jukić
1.6.96 Delo Sobotna priloga

ČASI SE SPREMINJAJO IN PESEM Z NJIMI

MOŽ V ČRNEM

Bela obleka,
bel prostor, bel zrak.
Pri vratih pa —
kakor umrli
v črn žamet oblečen možak.

Bela obleka je,
bel prostor, bel zrak,
a njegova se lica svetlijo
in ustnice se rdečijo.

Ni mar mi obleke —
bele obleke,
ni mar mi prostora
in kaj mi bo zrak!

V noč, ki me vabi,
Pojdiva, možak.

Od časa do časa



Od časa do časa
prevetrim
podstrešje.

Potem izstopim
in se kritično
ogledam
z določene
razdalje.

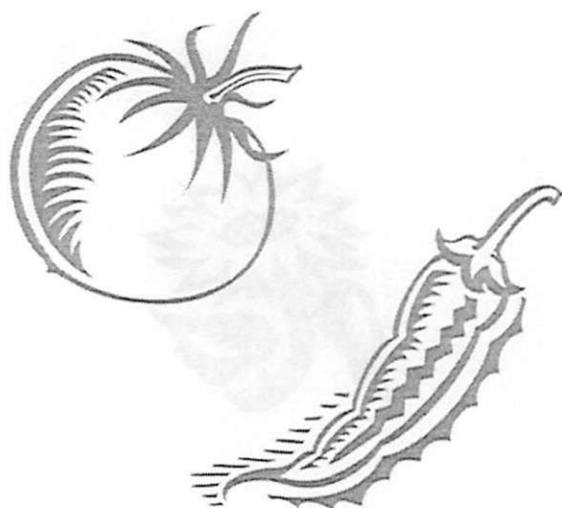
Če kdaj ne bom
zadovoljen,
se ne bom
vrnil vase.

Mlada pesnica
BARBARA MARČIČ iz
Rus je že v osnovni šoli
objavila knjigo
Tulipanova srce.

Aleš TACER, rojen leta 1958 na Remšniku, hribovski vasi v bližini Radelj ob Dravi. Po končani osnovni šoli sem obiskoval Gimnazijo Pedagoške smeri v Mariboru in kasneje leto dni Pedagoško akademijo (smer slovenščina – nemščina). Zaposlil sem se v Tovarni Stavbenega pohištva Radlje, kjer sem okusil vsa izmenska dela za tekočim trakom in veliko terenskega dela. Po sedmih letih, leta 1986 sem se zaposlil v Ljubljanski banki v Slovenj Gradcu, kjer delam še danes kot programer - operater na AOP.

Monice Lewinski
veličina
njena oralna votlina.

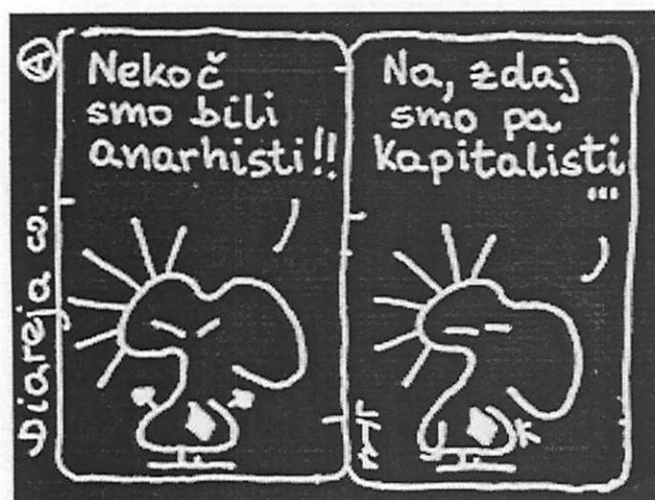
Pavla Gruden



Mevlana Jelalu'ddin
Rumi

*The garden of
Love
is green without
limit
and yields many
fruits
other than sorrow
and joy.
Love is beyond either
condition:
without spring,
without autumn,
it is always fresh.*

RIMA KI ŠTIMA



Objokan mesec, brez mazila
pod očmi
Iz ozvezdja, ki ne vem njegovega
imena
se siplje mir, vseмир.

Ti si tu in jaz sem tam
oba sva vsepovsod

Le mir noči ločuje nas
med zvezdami in zemljo

Leon Krek
Na Banksovih stenah

Jelaluddin Rumi

was born in the region today known as Afghanistan in 1207. His family fled the Mogul invasion to Konya, Turkey where he spent most of his life.

Rumi following in his fathers ancestral line became a scholar until his meeting with the wandering dervish, Shams of Tabriz.

Of this meeting Rumi said, "What I had thought of before as God, I met today in a person."

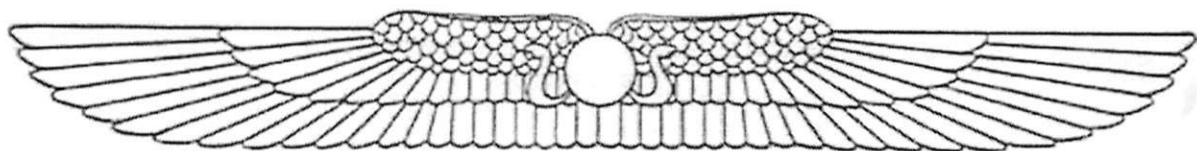
After Shams, Rumi's other strong influences were Saladin Zarkub, the goldsmith, and later his scribe, Husam.

Rumi founded the Mevlevi Order of dervishes, better known as the Whirling Dervishes.

Through a turning movement, body posturing, mental focus, and sound, the dervish achieves ecstasy through union with God.

His poetry filled with a longing to be with the Friend, Him, or You. Are these mysterious pronouns the names of God, Shams, or who?

This is for you, the reader to ponder.



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